
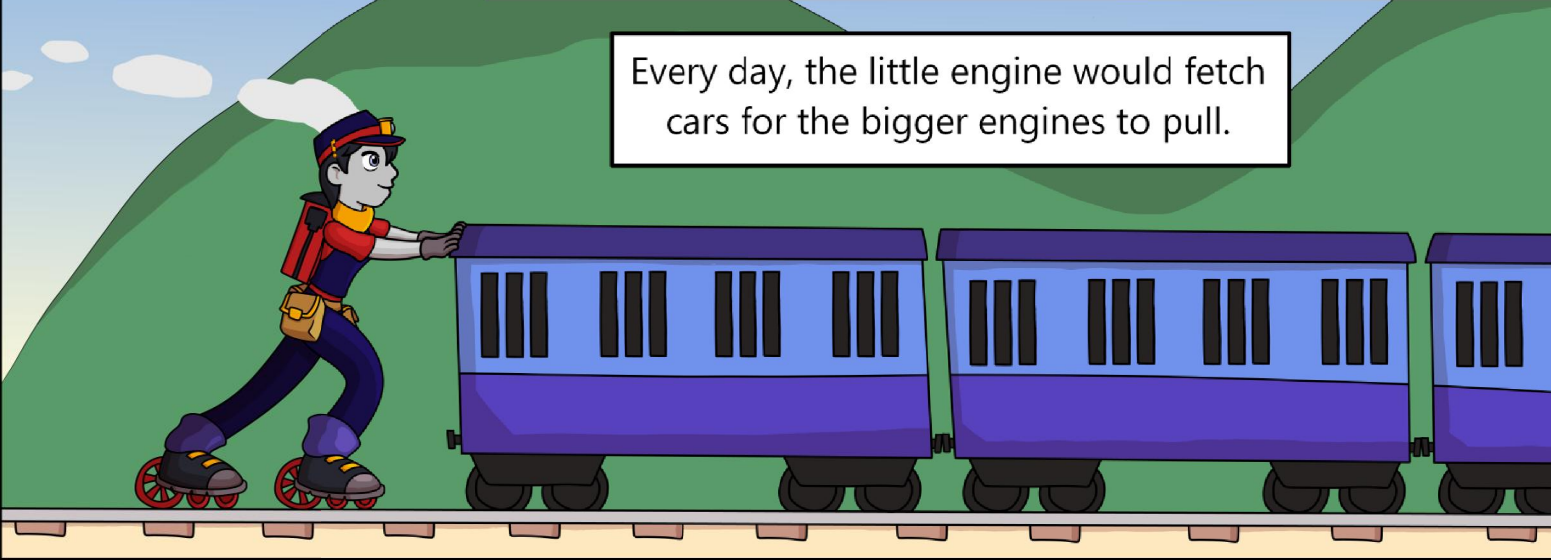


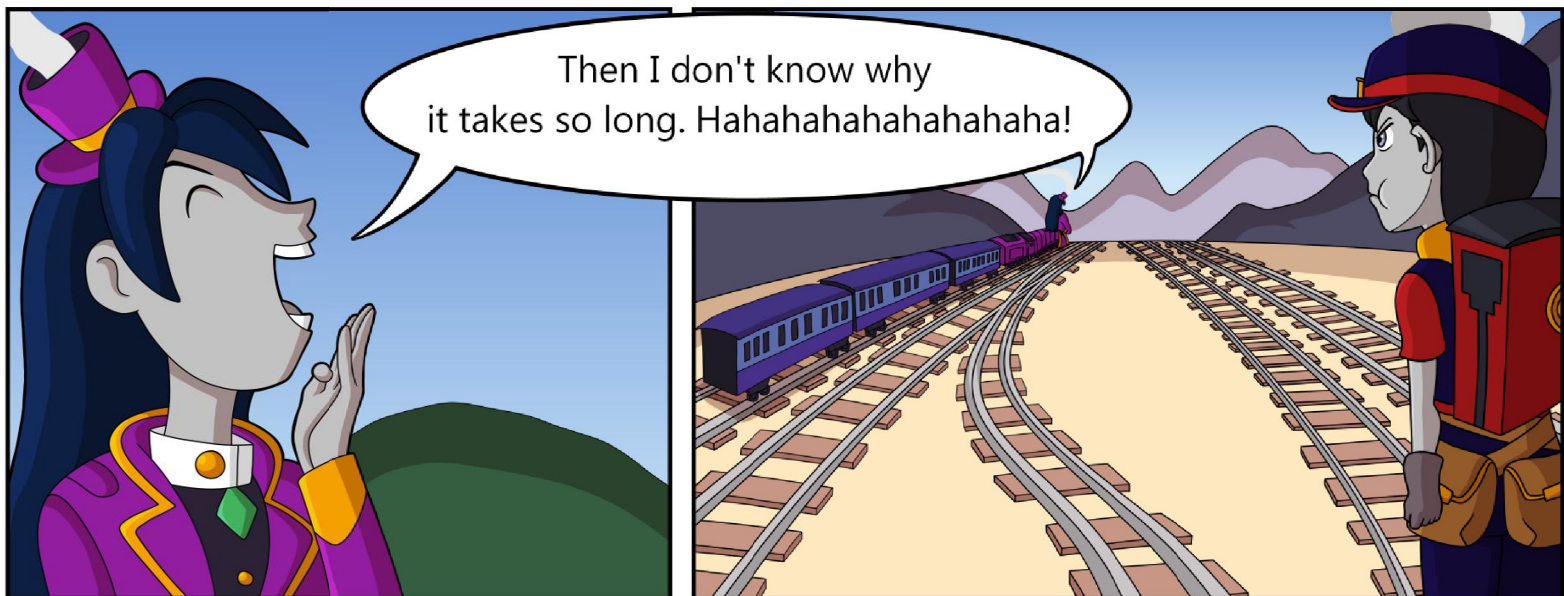
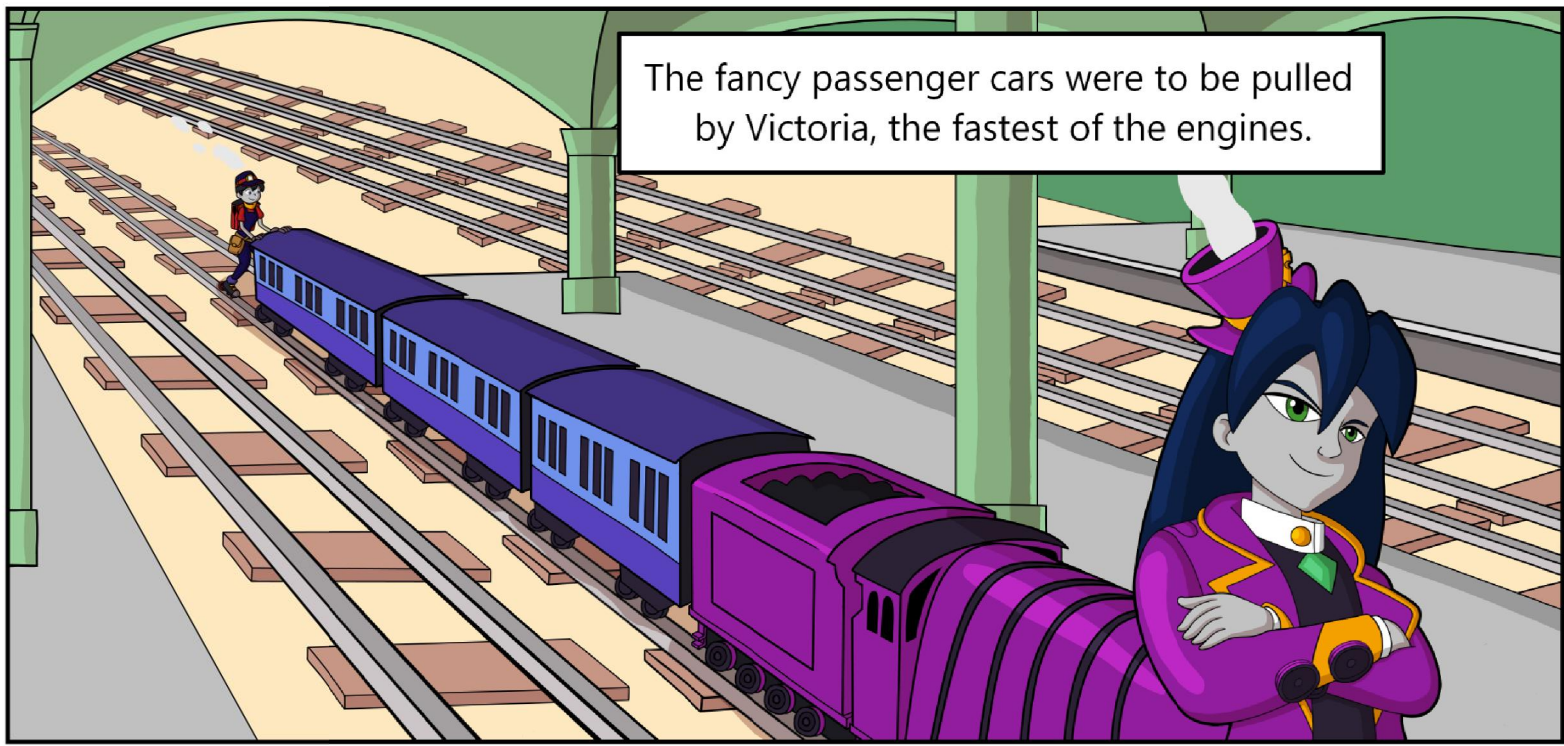
Chug, chug. Puff, puff.
Casey the little engine
was hard at work.

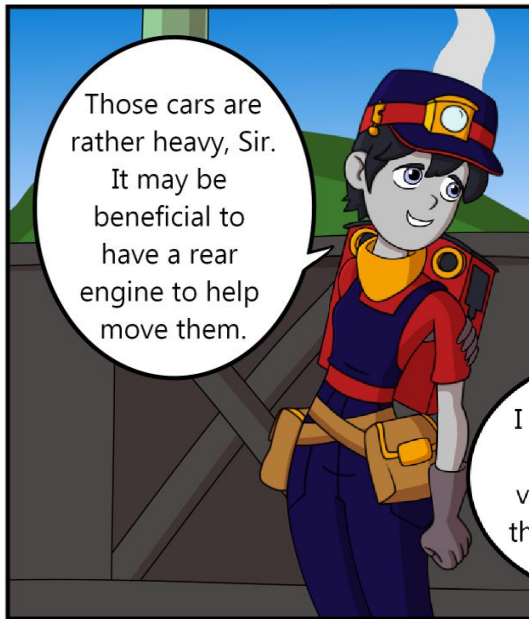


With a tug of her trusty hook,
she pulled the cars into place.



Every day, the little engine would fetch
cars for the bigger engines to pull.

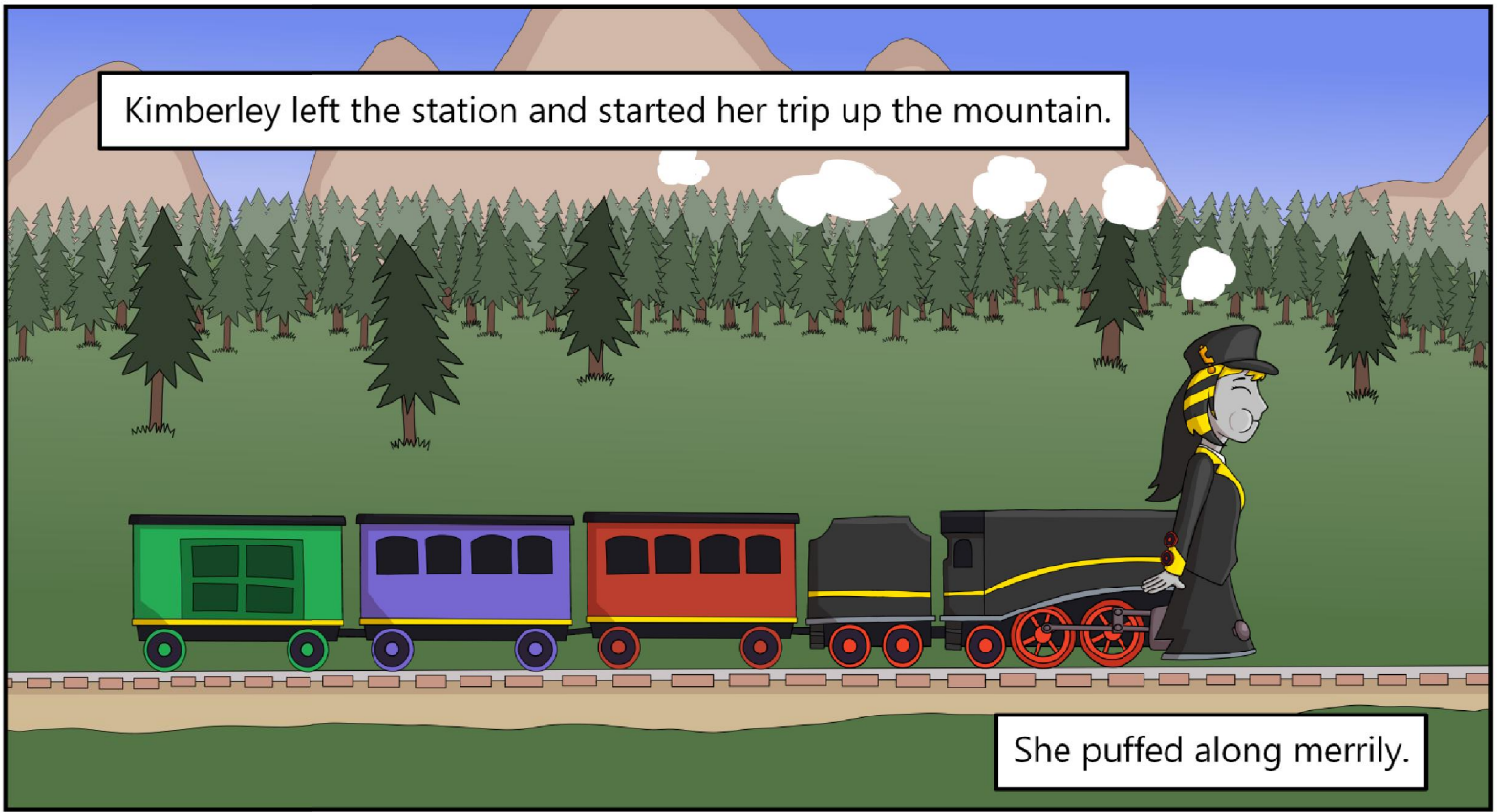








Kimberley left the station and started her trip up the mountain.

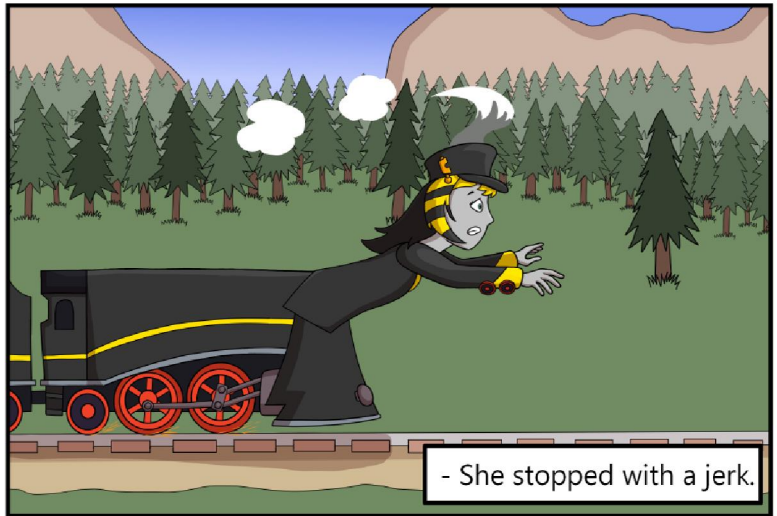


She puffed along merrily.

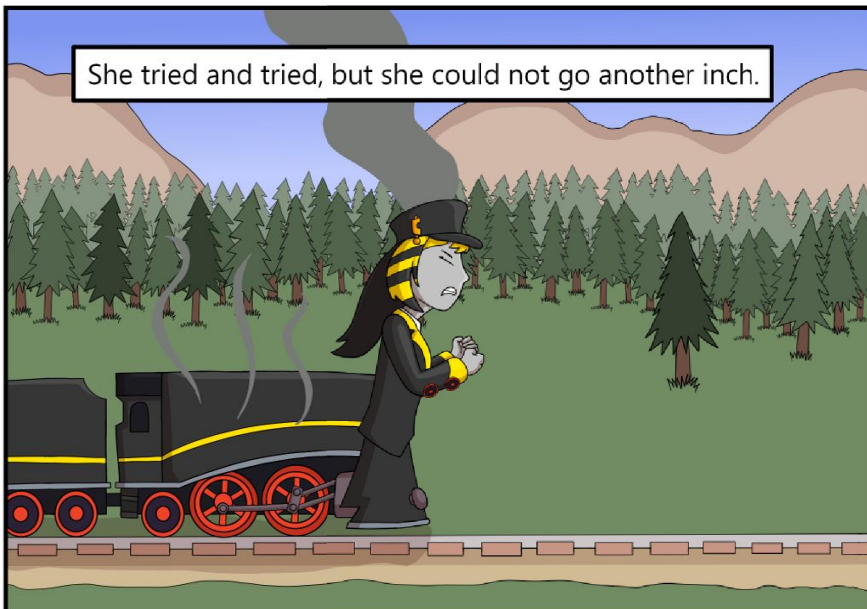
When suddenly-



- She stopped with a jerk.

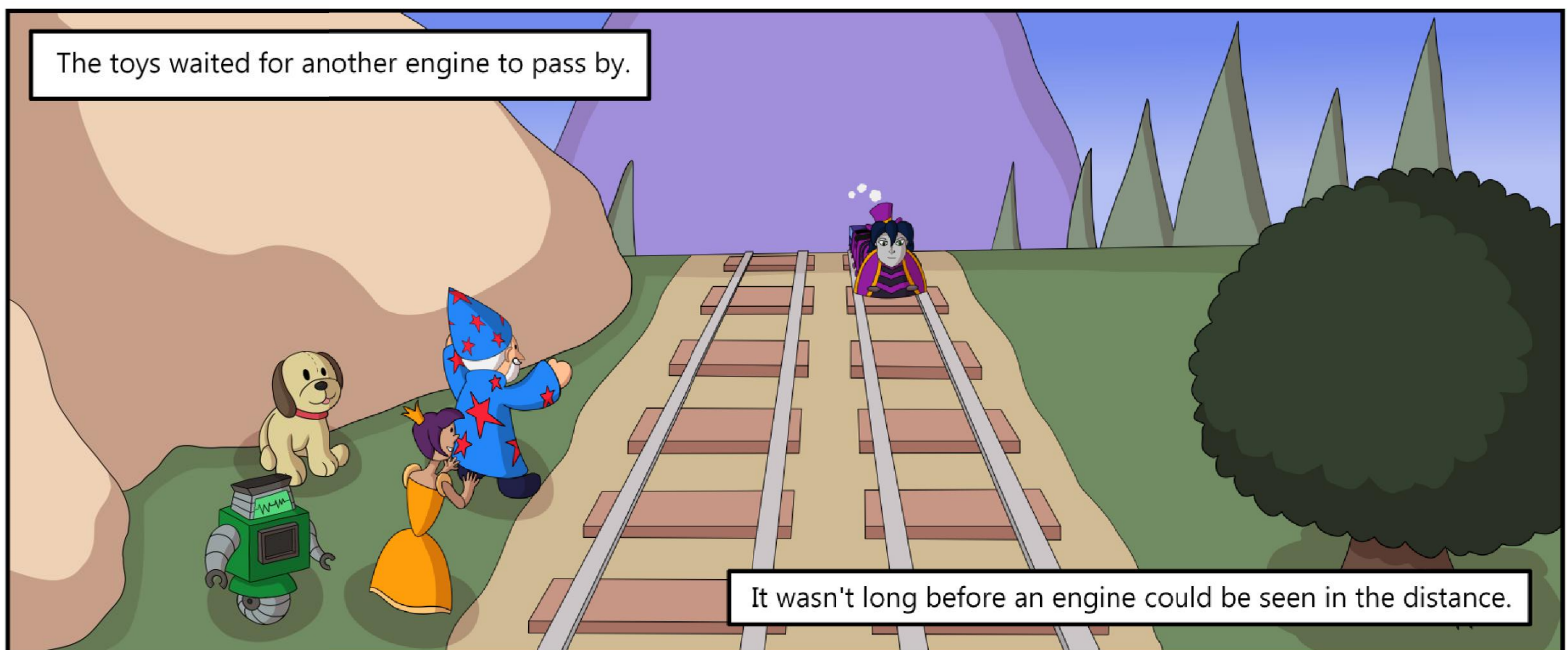
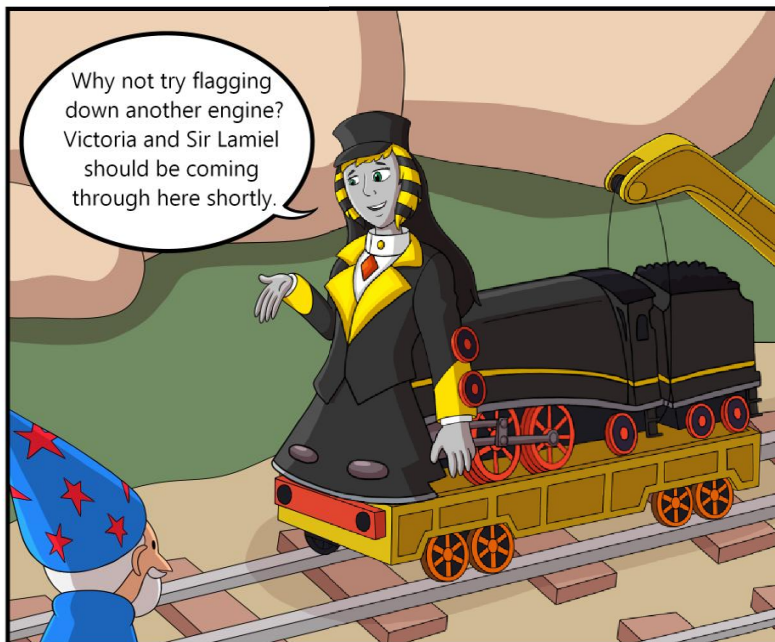


She tried and tried, but she could not go another inch.

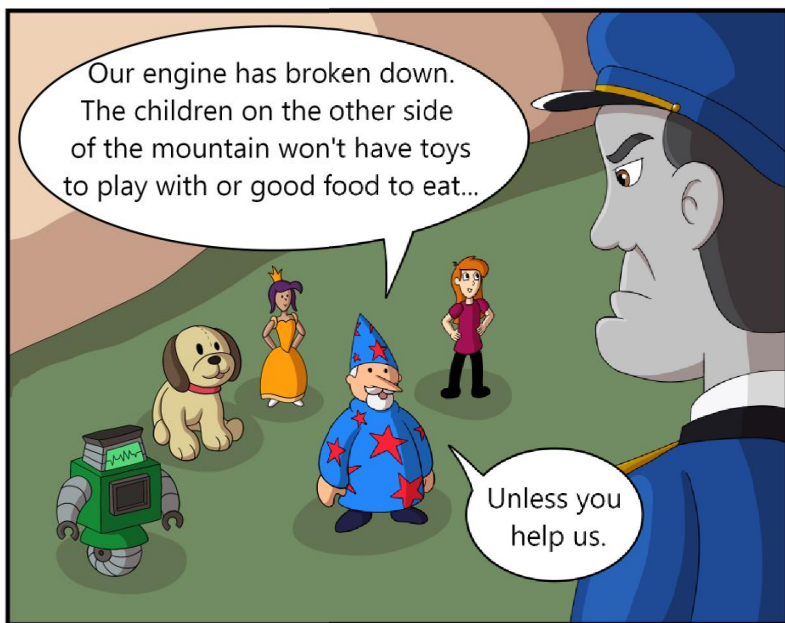
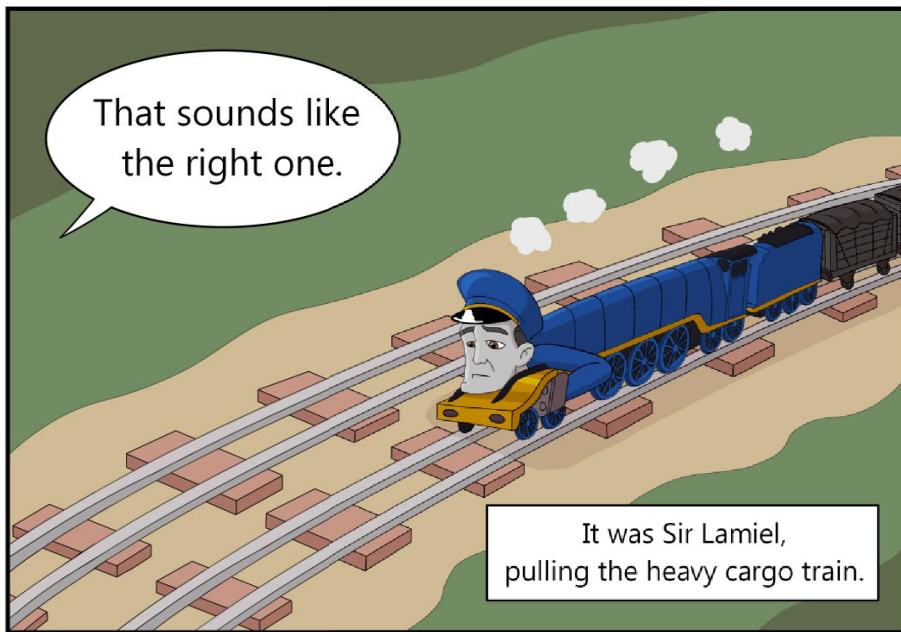


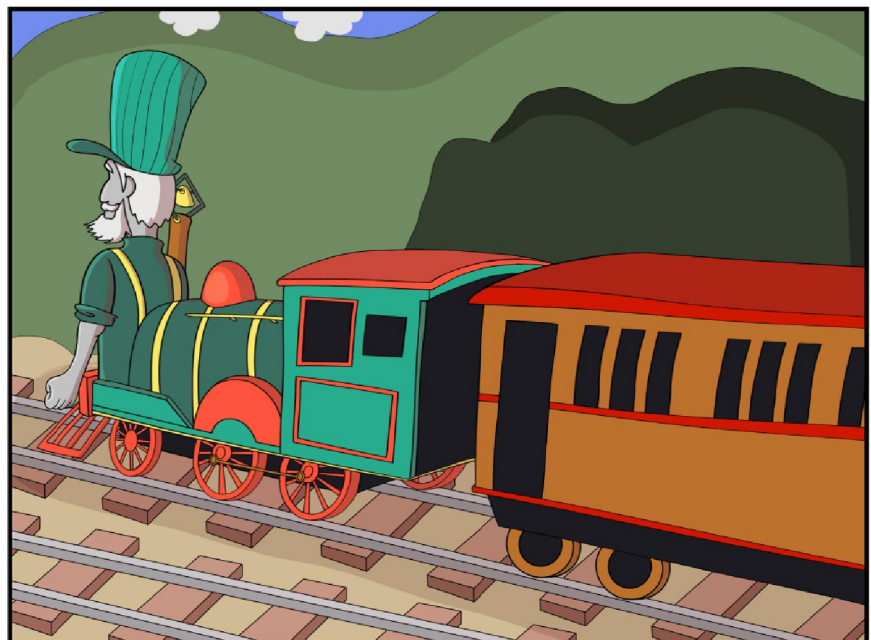
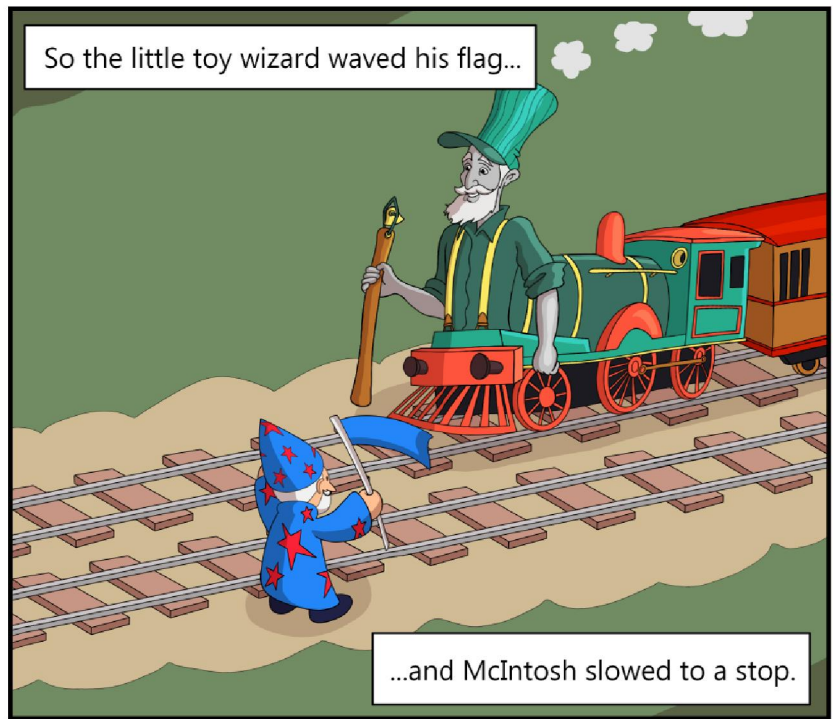
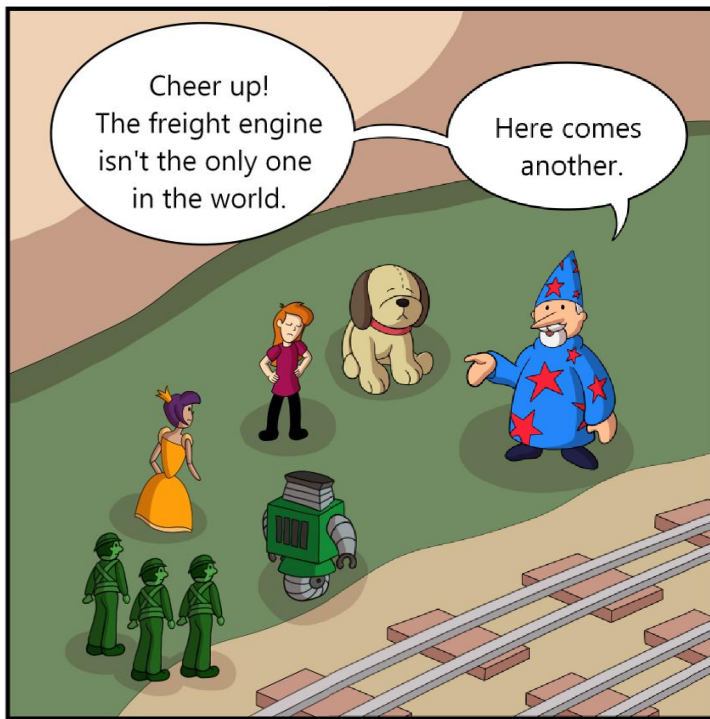
Her wheels simply would not turn.

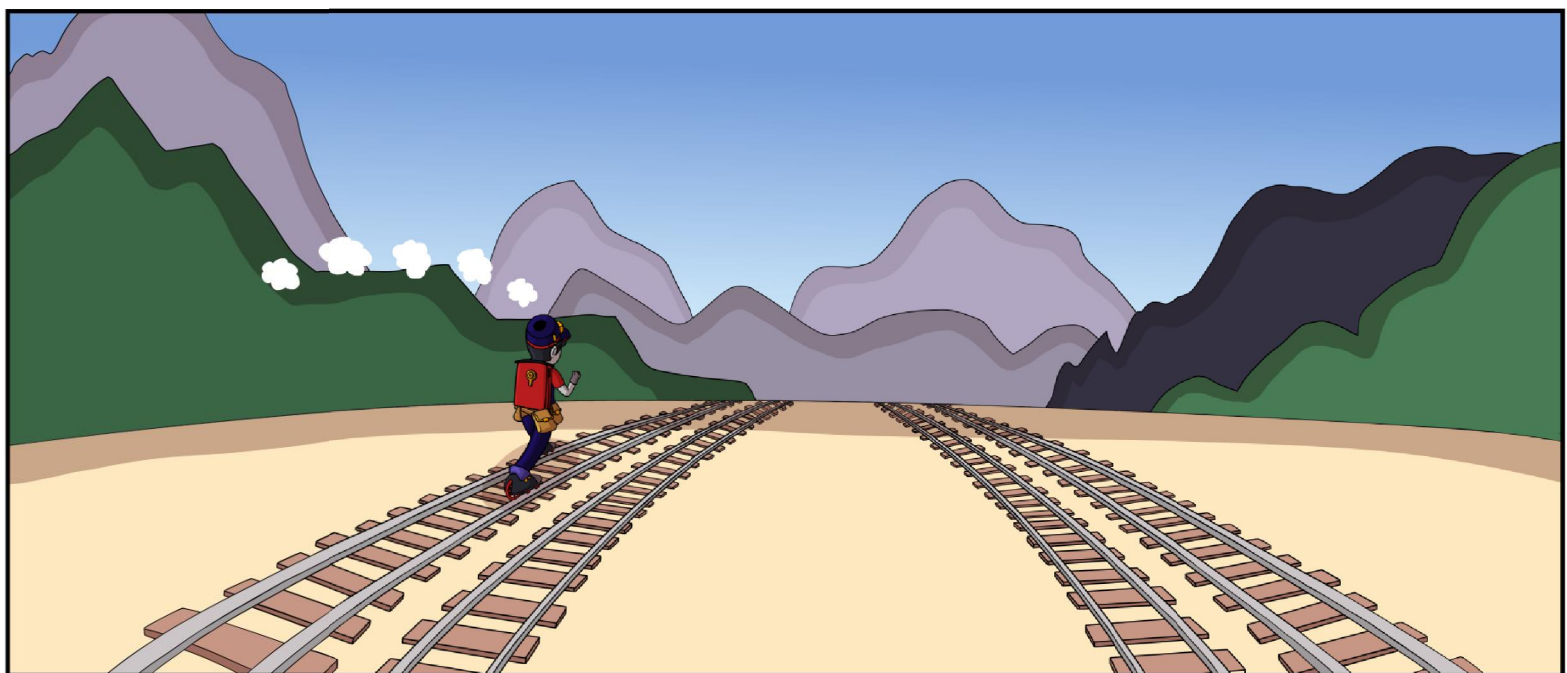


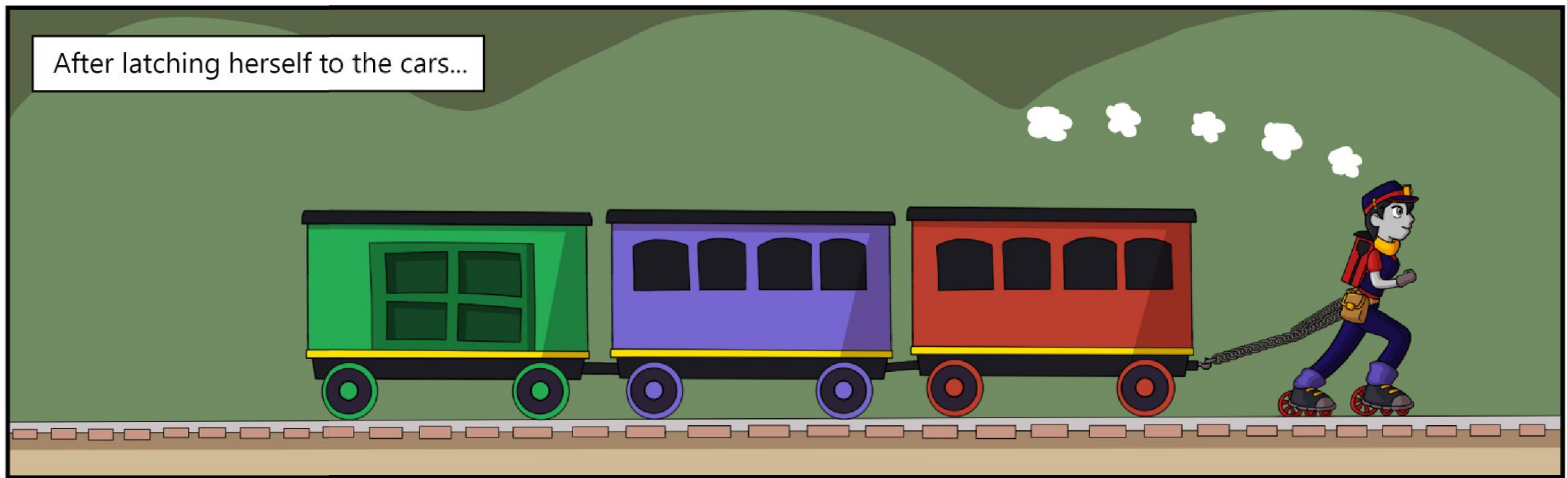
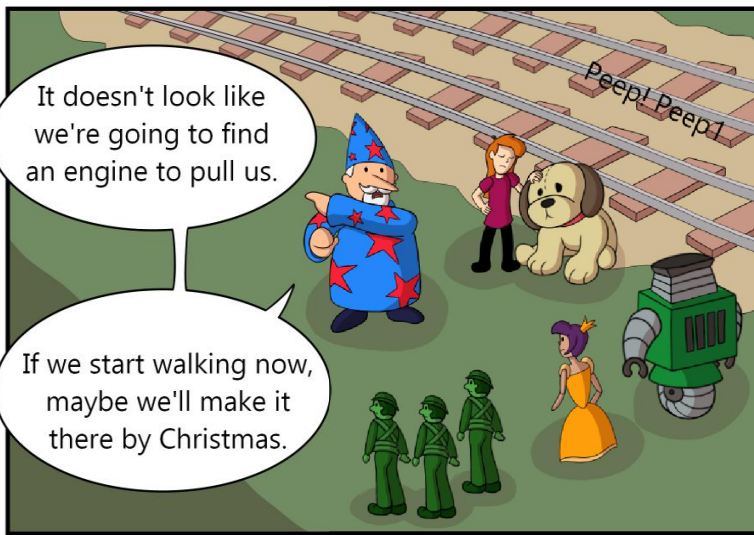


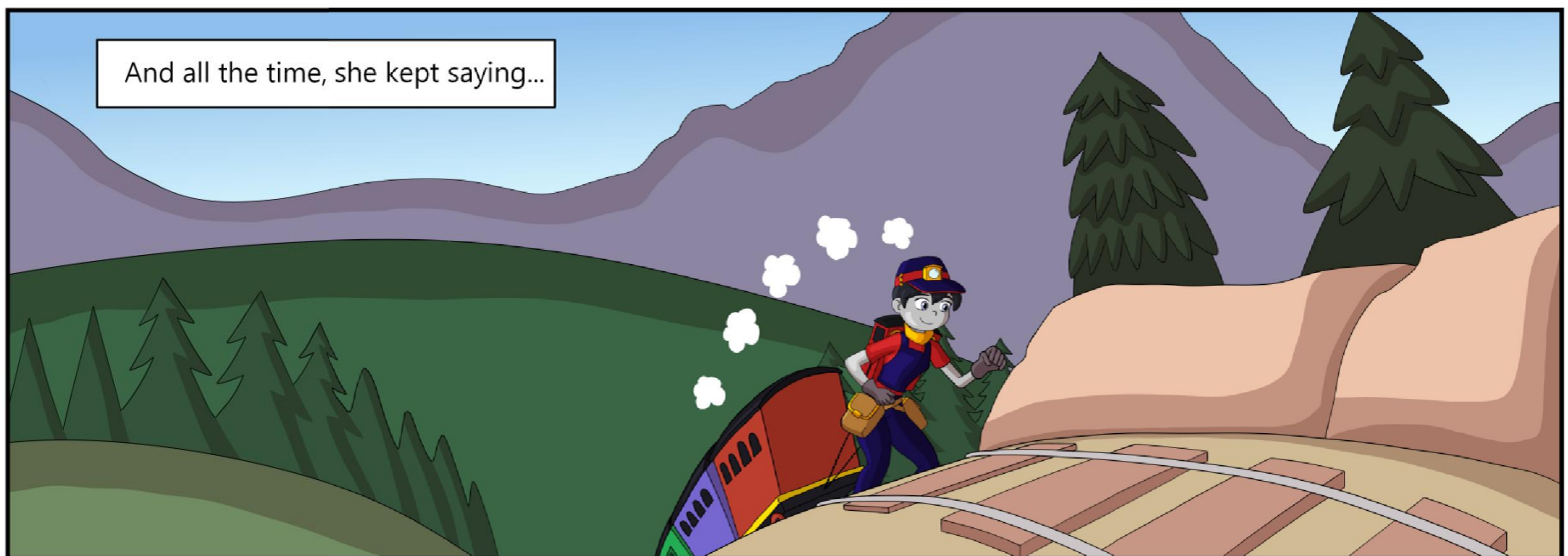
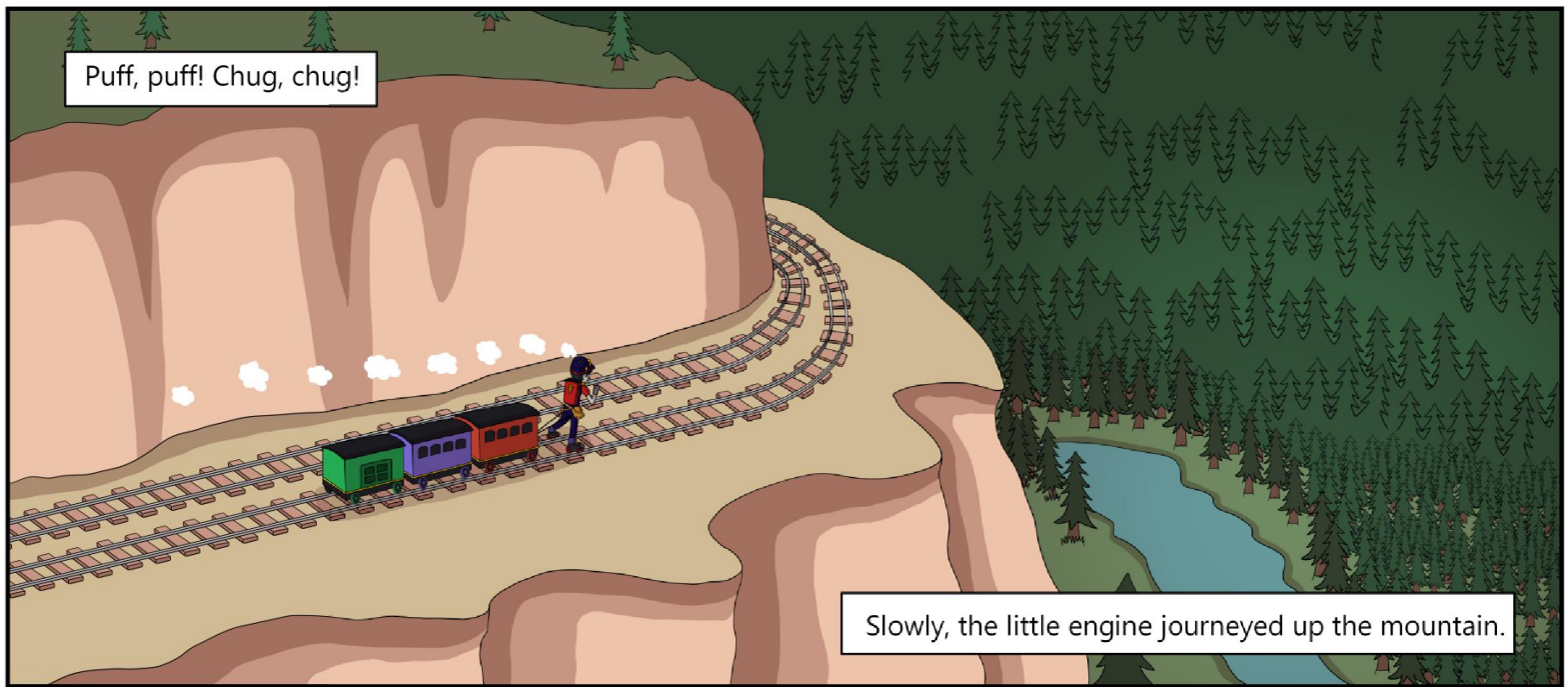




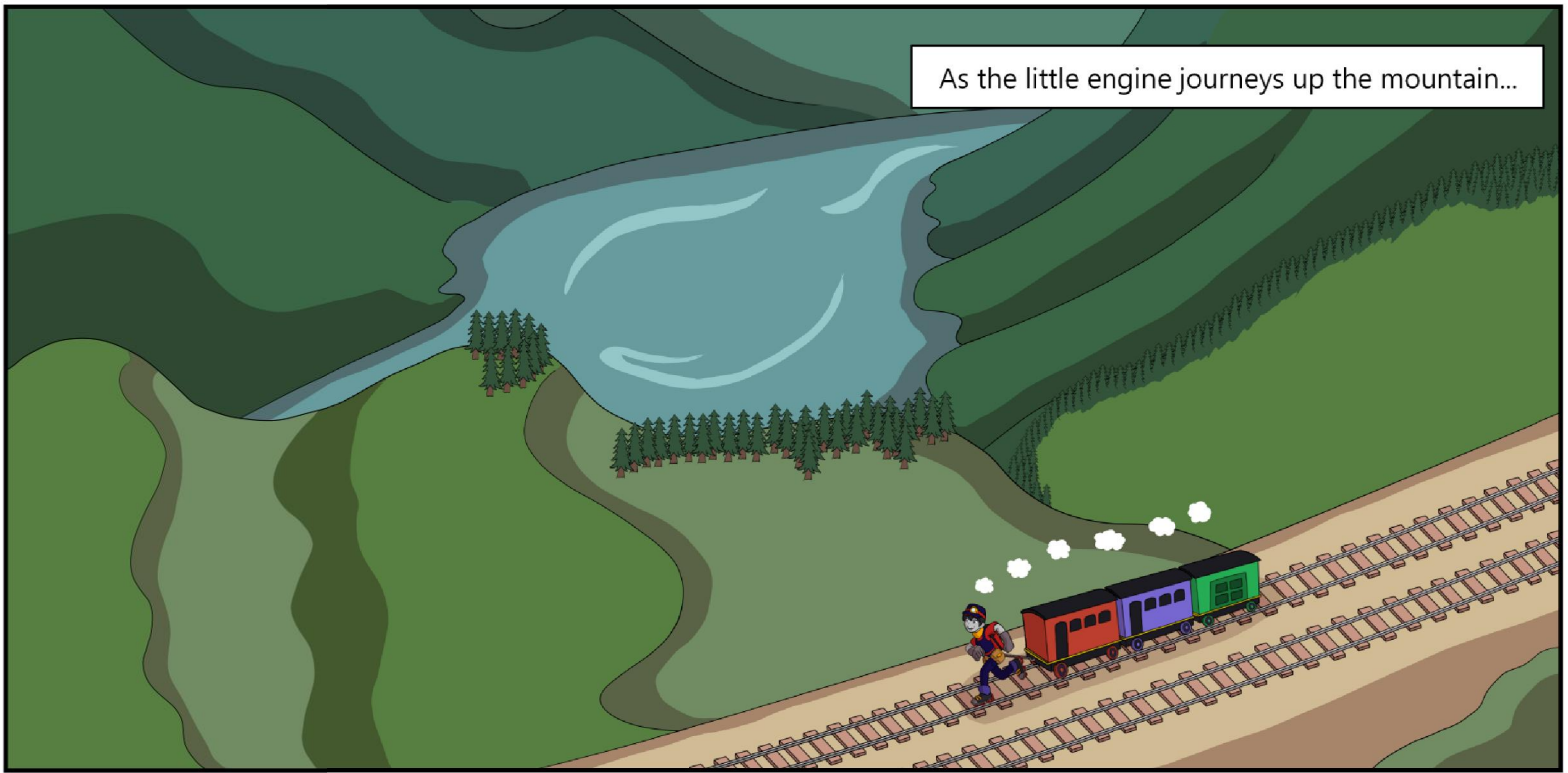








As the little engine journeys up the mountain...



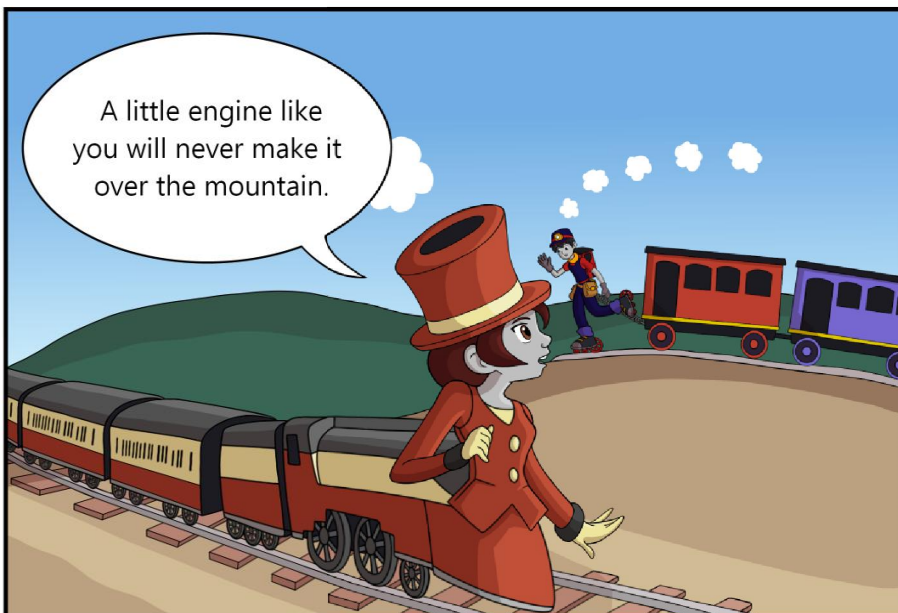
Casey?

You should turn back.

...She passes by another engine going down.



A little engine like you will never make it over the mountain.

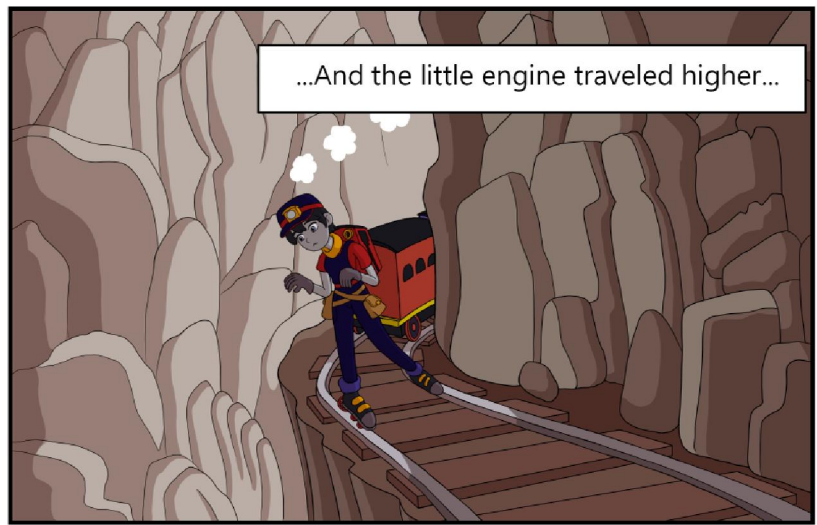


I think I can!





As the sun went down...



...And the little engine traveled higher...



...the path becomes dark and spooky.



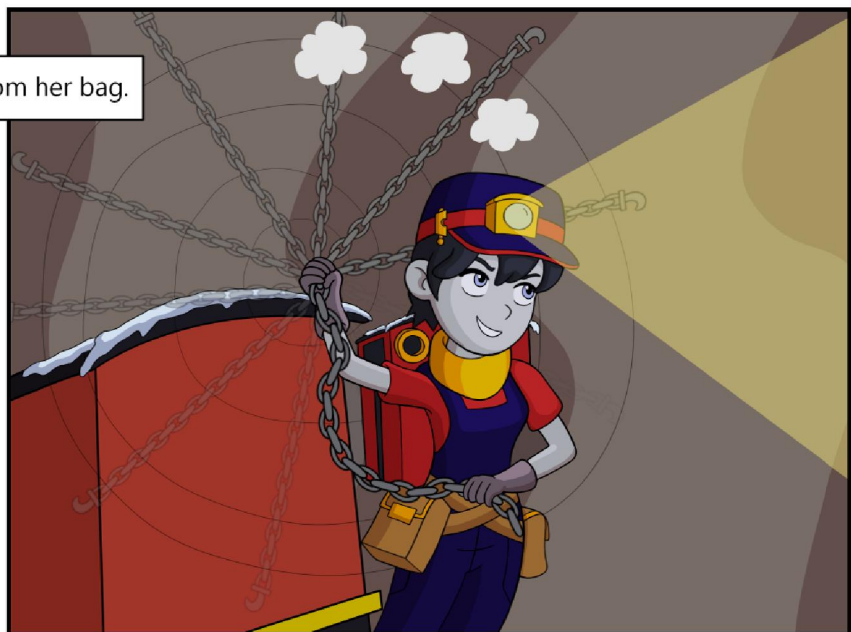
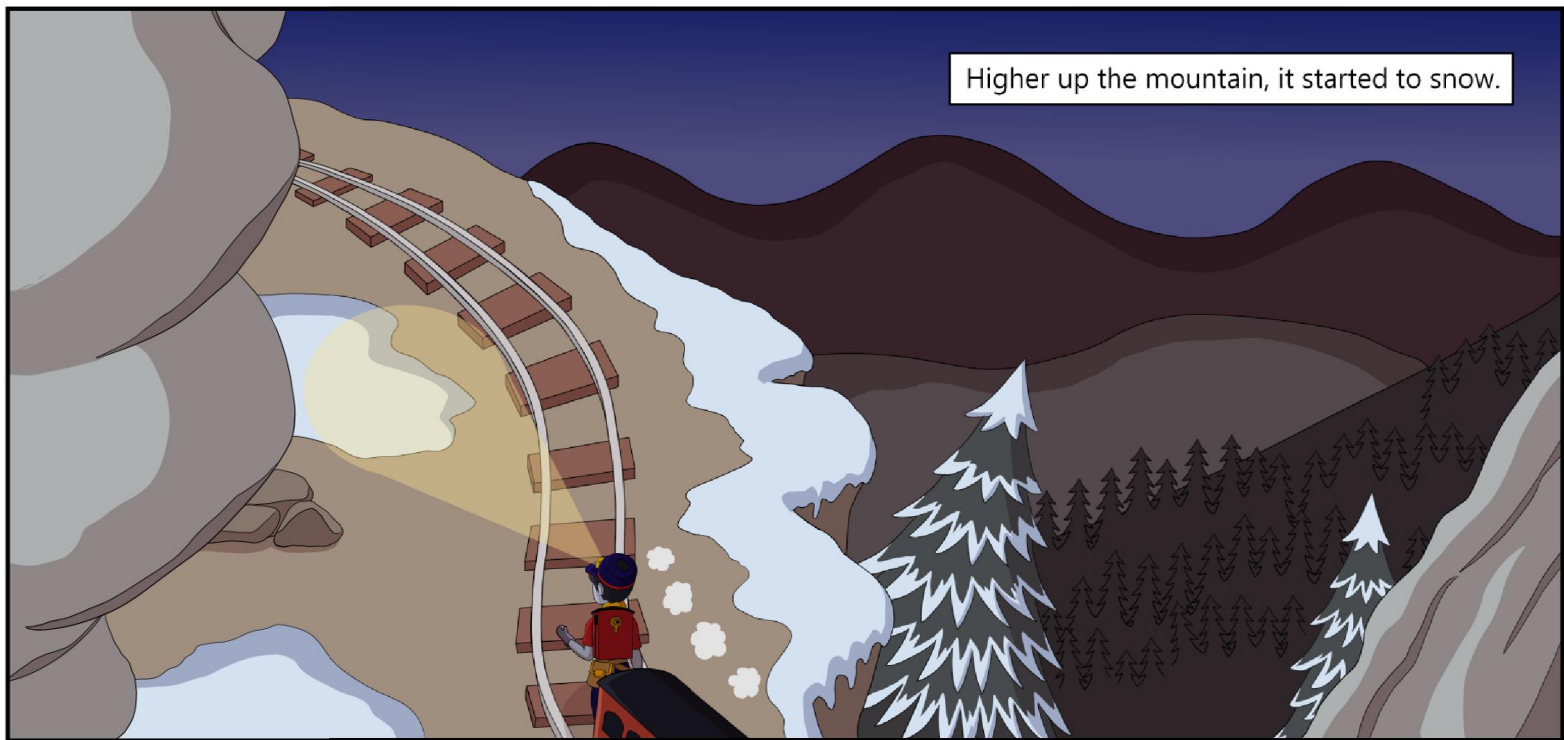
But the little engine flicked on her lamp and repeated...

I think
I can.



I think
I can.

I think
I can.



Lassoing a tree, the little engine stopped slipping backward.



One!
More!
Try!



The little engine began to tug and pull.



I think
I can.

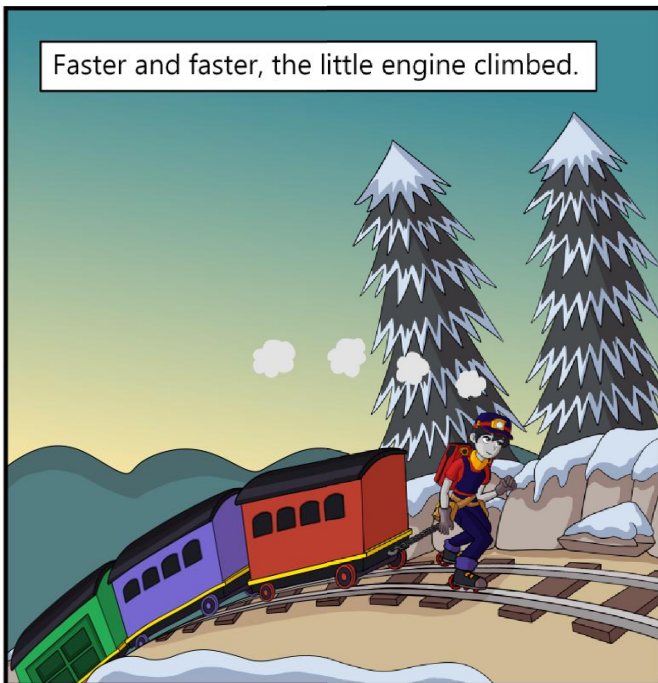
And slowly, she pulled them up the hill.



I think
I can.

I think
I can.

Faster and faster, the little engine climbed.



Until at last, they were over the mountain.



